

THE DAILY MIRROR, Thursday, March 11, 1915.

H.M. DESTROYER ARIEL RAMS PIRATE U20

The Daily Mirror

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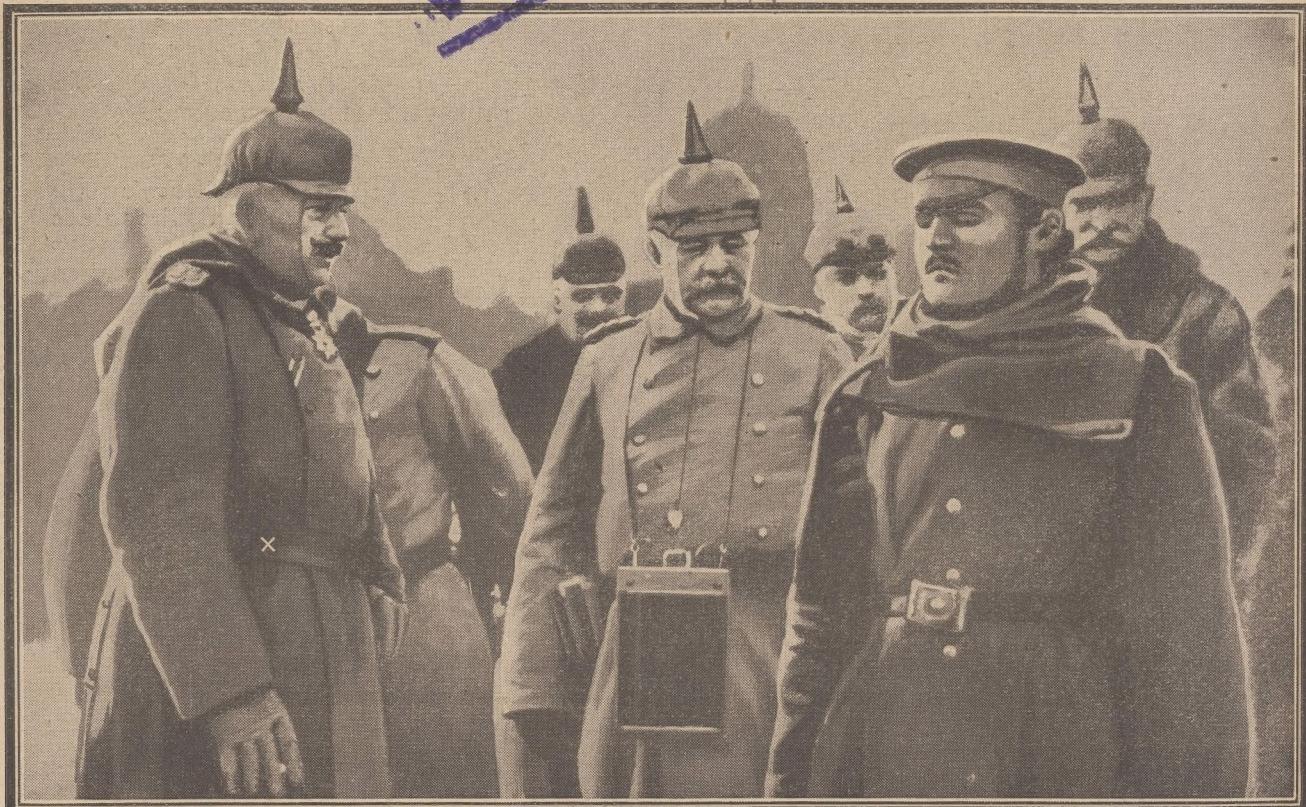
THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1915

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

THE KAISER STARES AT THE UNDAUNTED SERBIAN AND SEES
ONLY CONTEMPT WRITTEN ON THE PRISONER'S FACE.

P. 121



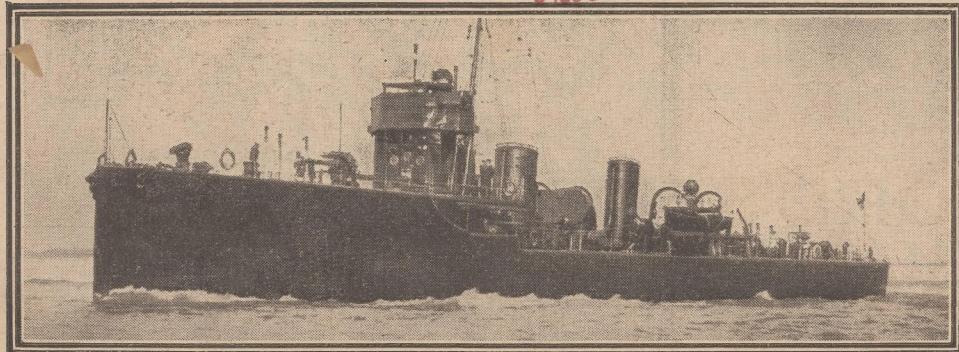
This striking picture shows the Kaiser looking with interest at a Serbian sharpshooter who has been taken prisoner. The man is taking no pains to conceal his contempt

for the War Lord, who is marked (x). He thinks of the devastation in Belgium and his own country, and he knows on whom to fix the guilt.

THE BITTER BIT: BRITISH DESTROYER RAMS A GERMAN SUBMARINE.

8,600

8,585 H



H.M.S. Ariel, the destroyer which rammed the pirate. She is of the I Class.

There is more bad news for Von Tirpitz to-day, and the master pirate, who organised the scheme for murdering seamen, must mourn the loss of another submarine. The

crew surrendered. The drawing of the lost vessel (she was the U20) is by a German artist. She will torpedo no more steamers.



The U20 attacks a steamer.



New Health and New Vitality for the Weak, Anaemic, Nervy, Run-down.

New health—delicious vigorous health—your whole body pulsating with new life. That is the health that 'Wincarnis' creates. Because 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-makher and a Nerve Food—all combined in a rich life-giving beverage. That is why it gives new health, new blood, new nerve force and new life. And that is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend it.

WINGARNIS

is a positive necessity to all who are Weak, Anaemic, Nervy, Run-down—to all liable to Coughs, Colds, Chills or Bronchitis—to all suffering from the intense weakness following Influenza—to all martyrs to Indigestion—and to all who are depressed and "out-of-sorts." 'Wincarnis' offers prompt relief, because the benefit begins from the first wineglassful. You can feel it doing you good—you can feel the new, rich blood dancing through your veins—you can feel it surcharging your whole system with new life.

'Wincarnis' is wonderful after Influenza
because 'Wincarnis' speedily banishes that terrible weakness Influenza leaves behind.
'Wincarnis' creates new strength and new vitality and makes you feel so well so quickly. Try it today.
All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis'. But be sure you get 'Wincarnis'. Don't waste your money or risk your health with drugged wines.

Begin to get well—FREE

Send the coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Send this Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W 246, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis'. I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

D. Mr.
11/3/5.

For nearly a Century

The Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

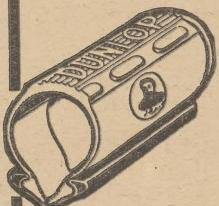
In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

That new machine!

Don't accept just any tyres the agent chooses to fit. Insist on having one of the Dunlop series—

DUNLOP WARWICK AND CAMBRIDGE tyres,

or, best of all for hard wear, the DUNLOP MAGNUM, the finest tyre on the road.



WOMEN WHO WORK

Invigorate body and brain by drinking Vi-Cocoa. It is so much more nourishing and stimulating than tea, coffee, or ordinary cocoa.



Cocoa for nourishment; malt for digestion;
hops for a tonic; kola for stimulation.

DR. TIBBLE'S Vi-Cocoa

THE WATFORD MFG. CO. LTD.
PROPRIETORS ALSO OF
Boisseliers Ch colates and
Freemans Table Delicacies



DRESS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
A BABY'S Long Clothes Set; 50 pieces, 21s.; everlasting
GARMENTRY. Many articles of everlasting quality,
perfect home finish work; extraordinary bargain; instant
approval—Mrs. W. Mex. Th Chase Nottingham.

A BABY'S Long Clothes, 25 pieces, 21s.; 2s. weekly;
LADIES' BABY'S can supply free dress, call or
write—Mrs. Scott, 251, Ubberidge, Shepherd's Bush.

A Trouseau—24 Nightshirts, knicker, chems., petticoats,
etc.—2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines; 2s. weekly;
BARGAINS in Beautiful Clothing, slightly worn; list,
stamp—Miss Dupont, 42, Upper Gloucester-pl, London.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
A BDOMINAL Belts, Elastic Stockings, Bandages, etc.;
ILLUS. Catalogue post free—Denny Hosery Works, York.
JOHNS Destroyed in Bay of Bays. John's Silk, 7d.
STEEL Sheet, 2s. 6d. per square foot; 2s. 6d. per roll, 10s.
B DRINK Habit Cured secretly, quick, certain, cheap; trial
tree, privately—Fleet Drag 212 Co., 6, Dorset-st, E.C.

P.C. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

P.924



Mr. Arthur Bourchier acting as a special constable. He might be given a beat in Charing Cross-road, and then he could arrest Raffles outside Wyndham's.

KNIVES WHICH THE GERMANS DREAD.

9.6140 E



Gurkhas sharpening their knives on a grindstone "somewhere in France." These famous Indian warriors have used these weapons with great effect, and the Huns have learnt to dread them. More than once they have run before them.

TO SAVE THE BOYS BEING MURDERED.

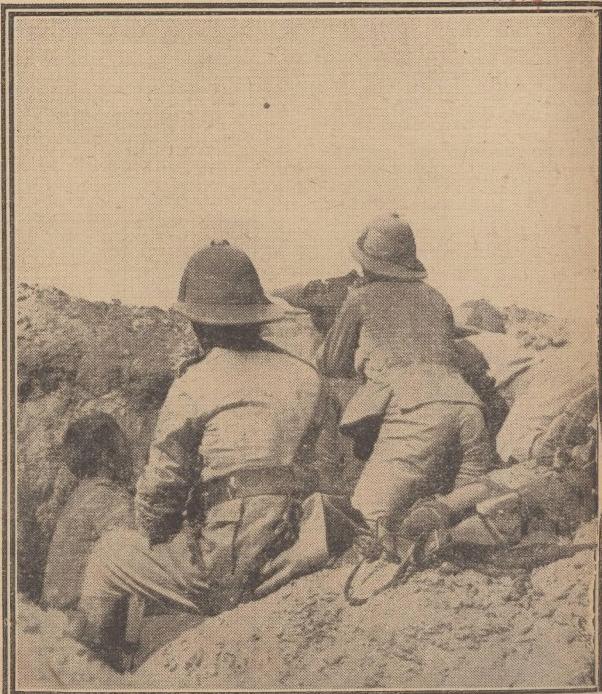
9.183 E



Lifebelt drill is held on board many steamers now, in case the pirates attempt to murder the children. The German sailor prefers to attack civilians. It is safer than facing our big guns.

LANCASHIRE LADS READY FOR THE FOE.

P.11914



Lancashire Territorials with a Maxim gun in action during manoeuvres in the Arabian desert. The men from the northern county may be relied upon to give a good account of themselves when the time comes.

LIEUTENANT AND A "GIRL FROM UTAH."

Officer's Story of Engagement to Miss Evelyn Gordon.

CHANGED HER MIND.

The love affairs of a young officer who said he was engaged at one time to Miss Evelyn Gordon, of the "Girl from Utah" company, were mentioned in a case in Mr. Justice Shearman's court yesterday.

Lieutenant Lewis W. Murphy, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, who is at present back from the front, where he was badly wounded, sued Mr. William Gipps Kent, a solicitor, for alleged libel.

The case arose out of a purchase of jewellery made by Lieutenant Murphy. During the lieutenant's evidence yesterday Mr. Matthew King, for the defendant, read a declaration which put it that at the time the jeweller was purchased. In this he stated that he was engaged to marry Miss Evelyn Gordon, of the "Girl from Utah" company.

Mr. Matthews then cross-examined as follows:

"Did not the lady shortly afterwards repudiate the fact that you were engaged to be married?" Lieutenant Murphy: "I think in a fit of temper she did."

"It is a lady's privilege to change her mind?" Oh, yes, and she often did.

"There was never a real contract between you?—I had every intention of marrying her."

"Did she ask her in plain terms?—Yes, but she wanted to see what happened." (Laughter.)

"Before January 6 were you paying attention to another young lady?—Yes; several others. (Laughter.)"

At this stage the Judge suggested that he should see counsel in his room. Later it was announced that judgment would be entered for the defendant on terms entered on counsel's behalf.

The Judge said the plaintiff left the court without any imputation on his character.

Mr. Marshall Hall withdrew any aspersions against the defendant, who, he said, had been acting in the interests of his clients.

Plaintiff and defendant then shook hands.

\$1,000 JEWELLERY PURCHASE.

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., in opening the case for the plaintiff, said that Lieutenant Murphy had the gold and ornate fortune to be heir to a considerable sum of money.

His father was a man of considerable position in Ireland, and he died when plaintiff was three years of age. Plaintiff came to London in 1913 and he formed friendships of various kinds, amongst them with two men named Montague and Stevens. Mr. Montague lent him some small amount of money.

Plaintiff became very much attached to a young woman who was playing at a leading theatre, and he hoped to marry her.

It was not necessary to mention the young lady's name, remarked counsel, as the engagement was now broken off.

It was suggested to the plaintiff that he should go to a firm of diamond merchants—Messrs. Gershom and Scheier, of Hatton Garden—and purchase the jewellery of the value of £1,000, some of which he should give to the young lady, while some should be sold to pay Mr. Montague the small advance.

DIAMOND RING FOR FIANCÉE.

Plaintiff gave a bill for this £1,000 of jewellery and the bill was drawn and accepted. At this moment the defendant came on the scene. He was a solicitor who had acted for Messrs. Gershon and Scheier.

As regards the jewellery transactions, plaintiff was allowed to have two diamond rings made for his young lady, and nothing for someone else.

Later plaintiff was introduced to a Mr. Elliott, house and estate agent, who took an interest in his affairs.

Plaintiff came of age on May 25, and the bill he had drawn before that date would not have been valid. Defendant arranged with Mr. Elliott to get plaintiff to give him a new bill for £1,000.

Unfortunately there was a hitch in the settlement of the plaintiff's affairs. He was anxious to pay the £1,000, and there was not the slightest suggestion of fraud.

Mr. Elliott subsequently introduced the plaintiff to Mr. George Hutchinson, a solicitor, who took up his affairs.

When war broke out plaintiff went to the Rush Camp, and afterwards to the front with one of the regiments. He gave Mr. Elliott authority to get from Mr. Hutchinson the sum of £1,500 to discharge the £1,000 bill.

"POWERLESS IN THE MATTER."

Continuing, counsel said that, Mr. Elliott having had this £1,500, he did not pay over the money. He alleged that the holder of the bill was an alien enemy. Mr. Elliott wrote to the defendant with regard to a settlement, and defendant replied with the following letter, which contained the alleged libel:

"Re Lieutenant Murphy—I am powerless in the matter. My clients are only waiting for the return of Lieutenant Murphy, when they will institute the proceedings Mr. Bodkin advises."

Plaintiff, who was wearing khaki, gave evidence in support of counsel's statement.

Mr. Elliott: "My client (continuing): Was it not part of the scheme concocted to induce the firm to trust you with the jewellery, although you were not of age?—I don't know what you call a scheme."

The Judge: You were in the hands of these people. Did you understand that they were telling the firm that the jewellery would be presented to the lady?—I never gave it a thought.

STOREHOUSE OF LUCK.

London's Myriad Charms for Soldiers and Sweethearts.

"SCRAP OF PAPER" AMULETS.

There never was a time when charms and mascots were so popular and plentiful as now. Every day brings new designs in amulets. So many are there that London ought to be a sort of huge storehouse of luck. These lucky knick-knacks range from the farthing tin dog found in the child's lucky bag of sweets to the most costly gem at the most expensive jeweller's.

Quaint and pretty novelties in the way of mascots are the strange little dogs, pigs, and other animals made of moss, etc., with little flowers around their necks.

One of the latest charms for soldiers, shown at a Piccadilly shop, is "a scrap of paper" mascot.

This is of white enamel and gold, and represents a tiny corner of torn paper.

Many of the flags of the "Tommies" are also being made with patriotic flags denoted on them and bearing the legend "Fisher and Jellicoe, Purveyors of Bulldogs. All the Best Breeds."

Then there is the badge and button charm called "Lest We Forget."

This year the lucky china shoe is particularly prominent as a table decoration.

A matchbox mascot, though as small as the ordinary gold matchbox, has a secret aperture for holding the photograph of the little son or daughter.

DRAMA OF A NOTE.

Inquest Verdict of Wilful Murder Against a Missing Lover.

A dramatic story of a pencilled note was told at a Walworth inquest yesterday on Lilian Hubbard, twenty-nine, widow, who was found stabbed through the heart and dead in Aldred-street, Kennington, P.S. last Friday.

Miss Mary, bootmaker, of Vauxhall, brother-in-law of the woman, stated that on Friday afternoon a boy brought him a note and said it had been sent by a man at the end of the street.

The note, which was in pencil, ran:—

"Your sister is murdered. Go to 68, Aldred-street, Kennington. You will find her there. She would forgive, but she—"

The man disappeared.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hemmings, of Aldred-road, said that deceased was engaged to her son Alfred.

The couple, she said, frequently quarrelled, and on Wednesday evening Hemmings smashed all the furniture in the house. Next day the deceased began to run a suite of furniture.

On Thursday there was more quarrelling, and then Hemmings came upstairs to witness, and said "that he had done it and murdered her," and then went out.

The jury returned a verdict of Wilful murder against Hemmings.

NAVAL AIRMAN'S FATE.

While flying from Eastbourne waterplane station to the Aerodrome yesterday, Sub-Lieutenant Shepherd, R.N., fell a distance of nearly 300 ft. into the sea.

A man paid off to his assistance, but it was found that the airman was dead. He was flying in a Bristol School biplane and the accident occurred while he was making a circle.

The body was removed to the town hall mortuary.

CHARITY BALL THREAT.

Remarkable Letters to Lady Ida Sitwell Read at Old Bailey Trial.

ALLEGATIONS OF BLACKMAIL.

A number of remarkable letters were read at the trial, which was continued at the Old Bailey yesterday, of Lady Ida Sitwell and two men named Oliver Herbert and Julian Field, on a charge of conspiring to defraud Miss Francis Dobbs of £6,000. The hearing was adjourned.

The prisoner Herbert was further cross-examined by Mr. Gordon Hewart, K.C., who is defending Lady Sitwell.

Counsel read the following letter written by Herbert to Lady Ida on July 22, 1912, three days after the bill was brought up:

"My Lady—I respectfully beg to inform you I am not at all satisfied with the way this matter is allowed to drift, and I must ask you to see me here personally at once, otherwise I shall have no alternative but to see Sir George on about delay."

Another letter, dated July 24, 1912, came from a London lawyer, which stated that Lord and Lady Londesborough and Sir George and Lady Ida Sitwell were to attend a ball in aid of the Lady Ida Sitwell Convalescent Home at Scarborough.

Counsel next read a letter written by Herbert to Lady Ida on August 29, 1912, which was signed "Oliver Herbert, Private Detective Expert":—

"I have been in communication with your solicitors, also Miss Dobbs's solicitors and my own solicitors. Apparently you are prepared to give £5,000 towards the meeting of the bills. This is not enough. I must request you to pay at least £1,000."

The letter went on to say that he had telephoned to Scarborough for tickets for the ball, and that if he did not get the money he should go to Scarborough and "openly declare to the public the way in which you induced innocent people to sign bills."

"ANNIE" TAKES THE LEAD.

Margaret Ousted from First Place in Women's Great Name Race.

The name of Margaret, which hitherto was at the top of the list in the British Red Cross "Women's Name Race" for providing ambulance cars for the front, has, for the time being, been ousted by the simple, pretty name of Alison!

To be the first to obtain £400 (the cost of a fully-equipped car) has now become the ambition of a hundred or more women who are collecting for all the Annies, Marys, Alices, etc., in the country.

Up to a few days ago the most popular names (those who had collected the most money) were as follow:—

	Amount Collected.
1. Margaret	£253 16 0
2. Mary	160 0 0
3. Katherine	186 0 0
4. Elizabeth	170 0 0
5. Mary	140 0 0

The Annies of Great Britain (represented by Lady Highmore) and the Hildas, collected for Miss Smallwood and Miss Wardell-Yerburgh, respectively, are the next in the race, and rather curiously, are said to have been most reluctant to come forward to claim their property.

"Williams" and "Hall" meanwhile had gained Seattle and the Christian Bors in safety, and ultimately arrived in Shanghai.

They saw a great deal of "Mr. V. Heintze" on board, and expect to see still more of him in China.

HUN AMBASSADOR'S SEMI-DISGUISE.

His Germanic Majesty's Minister Travels in Tramp Steamer.

"V" MINUS THE "ON."

How the German Minister to China crossed the seas from America to Shanghai in a tramp steamer has just been told in the Japanese Press.

In Germany this emissary of the Fatherland is pompously described as "His Imperial Germanic Majesty's Minister to the Republic of China."

When "His Imperial Germanic Majesty's Minister to the Republic of China" booked his passage on the Norwegian tramp steamer Christopher, he took the modest denomination of "Mr. V. Heintze."

It was as "Mr. V. Heintze" that he stayed for a week at the Astor House Hotel prior to his departure for Pekin to blossom forth under his proper title of "von Heintze," the successor to the late Baron von Haxthausen.

"Why this extraordinary secrecy?" asks the *Japan Times*. "Why the sacrifice of the cherished 'von' for the inglorious 'V'?" Why, the tramp steamer?

CASE OF "WILLIAMS" AND "HALL."

"Diplomatic representatives are not contracted of war, and Shanghai is neutral territory, except as otherwise used by Herr von Heintze's compatriots."

Among the ship's company of the Christian Bors were two who have recently gained some notoriety in San Francisco under the names of "Williams" and "Hall."

Some time before the Christian Bors was due to leave Seattle these two had been interesting themselves in the cargo of the steamer Olson and Mahony, destined for Valparaiso.

This, by the way, was just before the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau fell in with Vice-Admiral Sturdee of the Falklands.

Before the Olson and Mahony cleared the Federal authorities became very much interested in the two men, and they were arrested as "Williams" and "Hall."

But the latter would seem to be no less retiring of disposition than "V. Heintze."

Shunning the bright light of Californian day, they sought through an agent, for a ship to take them to Seattle, whence they counted on making China.

So they escaped while the Federal authorities cleared out the cargo of the Olson and Mahony and the two men, who were not German, but rather curiously, are said to have been most reluctant to come forward to claim their property.

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SECRET SERVICE MEN.

There is another man, named Böhme, who has also been interested in several curious cargoes leaving South American ports for unknown destinations. He, it is stated, is in Manchuria.

"Williams," "Hall" and Böhme are, it is known, all "first-class German secret service men."

It would be interesting to know what the new Minister proposes to make of his suite, "Williams," "Hall" and Böhme.

For the German cruisers are at the bottom of the sea. Tsingtao fell many weeks ago, and the Chinese are fully aware of German rabbardries of perpetual victory.

Still a few clever men who are ready to assume any character that the exigencies of the moment require may do a lot to poison the minds of the Chinese against Great Britain, even if they cannot rehabilitate German prestige.

"SWORE HE WON V.C."

(From Our Own Correspondent)

DUBLIN, March 10.—John McDonald, a youth who was alleged to have obtained money by falsely representing that he had won the V.C., was charged in the police court here to-day and sent for trial.

A woman named Mrs. Worthington said prisoner called at her house in Islandbridge and said he had distinguished himself in the retreat from Mons by carrying a wounded captain in the Connaught Rangers to safety under heavy fire.

He was asked on what was the Victoria Cross, and asked her for money. She expressed doubt about his story, and thereupon prisoner produced a crucifix and a sword, and swore to him on the battlefield by a priest and avowed twice upon it that everything he said was true.

Witness then gave him £2.

MILLIONAIRE ANARCHIST'S ARREST.

PARIS, March 9.—There have been numerous complaints lately of the distribution of anti-patriotic sedition pamphlets and the circulation of false news, which has led to a police inquiry resulting in the arrest of several persons.

These include two men named Loriot and Provost, the latter being a millionaire anarchist.—Reuter.

A German prisoner of war, named Windeski, on whom watches, medals and other stolen articles were found, has been sentenced by a court-martial at Grenoble, says Reuter, to three years' imprisonment.



"Tommy" goes for a drive in Egypt in his "little donkey chaise." The "moke" is driven by a native.

BRITISH CAPTURE VILLAGE, 1,000 PRISONERS AND MACHINE GUNS

92075 F

**Our Army Sweeps Forward,
Driving Foe Back with
Heavy Loss.**

**SPLENDID FEAT OF ARMS
NEAR LA BASSEE.**

**H.M.S. Ariel Strikes a Fresh
Blow at the German
Pirates.**

**SUPER-DREADNOUGHT IN THE
STRAITS.**

A brilliant victory has been gained by the British Army in the neighbourhood of La Bassee, France.

Supported by French heavy artillery, the British advanced to the village of Neuve Chapelle and advanced to the north-east in the direction of Aubers and to the south-east in the direction of Bois de Biez.

The German losses were very heavy, and a thousand prisoners, including several officers and some machine guns were captured.

An Australian contingent, it was stated last night, has arrived in England.

**BRITISH DRIVE FOE BACK
IN DOUBLE ADVANCE.**

**French Heavy Artillery Aids in Brilliant
Success Between River and Canal.**

PARIS, March 10.—To-night's official French communiqué states:—

In Belgium the town of Nieuport was very violently bombarded with 42 centimetre guns.

Between the River Lys and the La Bassée Canal the village of Neuve Chapelle, captured by our heavy artillery, achieved an important success.

It carried the village of Neuve Chapelle to the east of the road from Estaires to La Bassee, advanced to the north-east of this village in the direction of Aubers and to the south-east in the direction of the Bois de Biez, capturing a thousand prisoners, including several officers, and some machine guns.

The German losses were very heavy.

In Champagne the enemy made violent counter-attacks in the night of March 9-10, and during the day to-day. He did not gain an inch of ground.

We consolidated and extended our positions on the ridges which we seized, inflicting heavy losses on the assailants.

On the heights of the Meuse our artillery completely demolished a certain number of the enemy's trenches.—Reuter.

FRANCE CAPTURE A RIDGE.

PARIS, March 10.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

To the north of Arras, in the region of Notre Dame de Lorette, the night was quiet and the situation unchanged.

The importance of our progress yesterday in Champagne is confirmed.

A very violent German counter-attack was made last night on Ridge No. 196. It was vigorously repulsed.

We, moreover, gained a little ground along the road from Perthes to Maisons-en-Champagne.

On the great north-east of Meenil our infantry, after having carried the German work mentioned in the last communiqué, reached a crest beyond the road from Perthes to Maisons-en-Champagne.

FIERCE TRENCH FIGHTS.

In the Argonne, at Fontaine-Madame we demolished a blockhouse and pushed forward our trench about eighty yards.

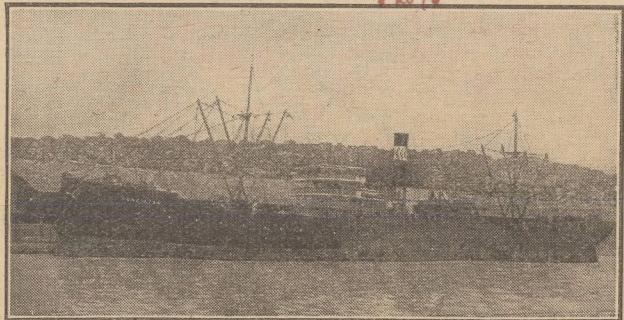
Between the Fort de Paris and Bolante the enemy, attacking at 4 p.m., took from us the trench captured in the morning. A fresh attack gave us once more possession of them—Reuter.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH ENTERS
THE DARDANELLES.**

New Super-Dreadnought, with Four Battle-ships, Bombs Turkish Fort.

PARIS, March 10.—A communiqué issued by the Minister of Marine states that during Monday the British super-Dreadnought Queen Elizabeth, supported by four battleships, entered the Dardanelles and bombarded with her 15-inch guns Fort Roumel Medjidieh Tabia, south of Point Bahri.

Bad weather hindered the operations.—Central News.



The British steamer Tangistan, which was torpedoed off Scarborough. Of the crew of thirty-eight, only one was saved.

VON TIRPITZ LOSES ANOTHER "U LAMB."

U 12 Rammed and Sunk by British Destroyer—10 of Crew of 28 Saved—Submarine Fires on Trawler.

It was announced yesterday by the Admiralty that the U 20 had been rammed and sunk by the destroyer Ariel.

Subsequently, however, the Admiralty issued the following announcement:—

"Later and more detailed reports have now been received which establish the fact that the German submarine which was rammed and sunk by H.M.S. Ariel was U 12, and that out of her crew of twenty-eight the number saved was ten."

And this news follows speedily upon the announcement that early on Tuesday morning three ships had been torpedoed off Scarborough, Liverpool and Hastings.

Von Tirpitz's "U lambs" are having a sorry time of it.

Since Germany's blockade began the Huns have lost eight or ten of their vessels. That, at any rate, was the reported estimate of the German officers on board the U 8, which was sunk in the Channel off Dover on March 4.

The Germans call a submarine an "U-boat," hence their classification as "U's."

The Ariel is a destroyer of the 1900-11 programme—73 tons, 15,000 horse-power, 23 knots, with two 4-in. and two 12-pounder guns. She was built by Thornycroft.

FIRED ON BY PIRATES.

NEWHAVEN, March 10.—The captain and crew sixteen in all of the steam trawler Grisnez, of Boulogne, were landed here about three o'clock this morning by the trawler Cosmopolitan, of Ramsgate.

The Grisnez, in company with two other Boulogne trawlers, was bound for the fishing grounds, and when about twenty miles west-south-west of Beachy Head at 3 p.m. yesterday a submarine of the German U class, number unknown, came to the surface and made signs to the Grisnez to go aboard the trawler.

Before the crew were able to get both boats off the submarine commenced firing at the Grisnez with her gun, damaging one of her boats so badly that after the craft was lowered to the water the master and two men on board had the greatest difficulty in keeping the boat afloat.

They were eventually picked up by the second trawler which was in the vicinity.

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The Grisnez was struck several times by gunfire. One shot probably hit the boilers as an explosion was heard.

At 5 p.m. the submarine dived on perceiving a large steamer coming down from the eastward.

At dusk the Grisnez was still afloat, but in a sinking condition.

THRILLING WORK OF ARMY MOTOR-MEN.

"The most serious complaint that has ever been made is that plum jam has been issued too frequently," says "Eye-Witness" in an article dealing with the supply service.

Speaking of the splendid work all military drivers do with which he has to contend, "Eye-Witness" says: "It is not surprising that this is the first campaign in the history of the Army in which there has been no grumbling as to the quantity or quality of the food."

It has been only with the hearty co-operation of the French railway officials with our officers of the Army Service Corps that all difficulties have been overcome.

The excellence of the performance of the supply columns during the present campaign is shown by the fact that, except during the retirement, not a single day has passed upon which food has not reached our men.

Even during the retirement, when it was not

actually conveyed up to the troops by supply column, it was taken close to them and left on the ground to be picked up.

"There may not be much pleasure," says "Eye-Witness," "in the life led by the driver of the motor-lorry, but those who imagine that he has an uneventful, humdrum existence should hear the experiences of some of these men."

"They included easily in the war many narrow escapes from hostile cavalry patrols, long journeys without lights over bad roads between hostile lines, daily drives over the open stretch of a battle-field, and hours of hard labour and generally exhausting days and sleepless nights spent in taking up food and carrying back wounded."

"It will, then, be realised that there is as much romance and excitement and as much opportunity for heroism in driving a lorry as there is in seemingly more adventurous duties."

**"VICTORY AS USUAL"
IS WHAT WE WANT.**

**Chancellor's Appeal for Sacrifices
to Secure Larger Output of
Munitions.**

CAPTIVE BRITONS' PLIGHT.

The great scheme of the Government for organising the whole of the engineering community so as to increase the output of war munitions was disclosed in detail in the House of Commons last night.

An important announcement was made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer when the House went into Committee on the measure, viz., the Defence of the Realm (No. 2) Bill.

"Compensation for loss made by the Act has not been lost sight of," Mr. Lloyd George stated.

"Some people will be inconvenienced, but we are in a state of war." The House cheered.

It was not a case of "business as usual," he added. Instead of "business as usual" he wanted "victory as usual."

It was a matter of life and death for this country and we should increase enormously our output of war.

In spite of loss to individuals, the national need was so overwhelming that he hoped that those who were inconvenienced in the matter of contracts would put up with it.

COMPENSATION TRIBUNAL.

The Government would, he trusted, not be pressed too far on the matter of compensation, because the whole community might have indirectly to suffer by the emergency.

Mr. Bonar Law said he believed that the mere passing of the Bill would obviate the necessity of putting its provisions into practice.

It would act as a motive power to increase the ordinary output in the ordinary way.

He said that the question was one of consideration of whether or not it should be put into an Act of Parliament that people were entitled to reasonable compensation for specific loss.

Mr. Lloyd George's general desire was that there should be a separate tribunal to lay down the principles of compensation.

Sir John Simon said the Government hoped to be able to announce before Tuesday the names of the commissioners to be appointed to deal with this matter.

The Committee stage was concluded and the Bill was read a third time.

DEATH FOR THE BRITISH?

The alarming reports concerning the treatment of British prisoners of war by the German authorities were brought to the notice of the Prime Minister.

Mr. Asquith informed Lord Charles Beresford that the Government had learned on full authority that British prisoners of war were not allowed the use of tobacco, and they had made representations through the United States Embassy to Germany on the subject on January 28. Nothing had yet been done.

"Have the Government received official knowledge of orders having been issued by German officers to their troops that British prisoners of war should be put to death, and, if so, has that fact been officially notified to neutral Governments?" asked Mr. Ronald McNeill.

No such information has been received officially," was the Prime Minister's cautious answer.

"Has 'Eye-Witness' said so?" pressed Mr. McNeill.

"I should assume it was correct if 'Eye-Witness' said so," replied Mr. Asquith.

Lord Robert Cecil strongly opposed any retaliatory measures on our prisoners of war, but he said at the end of the war military officials responsible should be punished cruelly to British prisoners in Germany.

In a maiden Ministerial speech, Mr. Neil Primrose said he understood the treatment of prisoners on their way from the battlefield had been very harsh.

The Government had proposed a scheme to the effect that the Government by which Quarter-masters of United States nationality should keep in touch at Berlin with all the internment camps and distribute what was sent for their comfort.

They had received no reply from the German Government.

FATEFUL BALLOT PAPERS

Ballot papers were issued yesterday to members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers so that they may vote upon the question of giving authority to their Executive Committee

to accept as final any decision given by the Court of Arbitration appointed by the Government to consider the application of the Clyde engineers for a wages advance of 2d. an hour.

The papers are returnable by the middle of next week.

BULGARIAN MINISTER GONE?

PARIS, March 10.—The Geneva Tribune states that the Bulgarian Minister in Vienna has left that city secretly.—Central News.

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Newspaper
Surprise!*

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**Number
ONE**

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1915.

ADVANCE GENIUS!

IT USED TO BE made a reproach against the former things that passed away in August, it used to be said against our system of those days, that it was more or less a conspiracy of mediocrity against the natural rights of genius; and the unrecognised genius who held this view could easily find a number of examples to paint his so familiar picture of business ability left to sweep out shops, and only with a struggle obtaining (after fifty) a partnership in the firm's enterprise. Then we needn't do more than mention the lady novelist afterwards recognised as the first of her kind—who for years patrolled the publishers with her immortal manuscript, so daintily written!—as now you may see, for it is carefully glassed in the museum case. No one would listen to her! At last, embittered, she died in want, and the world proclaimed her novel as the best ever written in the upright angular style.

We are certain that at the beginning of the war the ancient hum and buzz of the Unrecognised resounded about the doors of the official. The Patent Office knew them. Publishers were besieged by them. They wrote to Cabinet Ministers. And now it may be that one or two of them have been "discovered"—Mr. Churchill gave us an instance—and duly mobilised, genius and all, for our tremendous task. In every possible department of productivity for war they are wanted, and it is in case any of them may still be holding back that we appeal to all of the latent marvels swiftly to step forth from the dull-hued majority—swiftly to come over and help us as our recognised geniuses already help us in this war. For now—as even the embittered will admit—the already recognised are perfectly willing to give a place to the as yet unknown. They want everybody who can do anything warlike well. Promotion for everybody. Pay for all. All the money we can command by our paper fictions and financial gymnastics is ready for you, geniuses. Scientists, chemists, doctors, engineers, airmen, landmen, seamen, do not hold back; be discovered, if you please, promptly! The Government is mobilising everything.

What a chance, especially, does this day present to those lurking business geniuses to whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer appealed when he said in the House of Commons that the Government "were on the lookout for a good strong business man, with some push and go in him, who would be able to put the thing through." It is precisely the need of the moment. The thing must be put through. All are striving overtime for that. But the new talent is needed to reinforce that already under arms.

Why, then, need we dread any more to hear the wail of the Unrecognised? "What is the good of my novel now: no publisher will take it?" Yes, it will do for the soldiers, on their backs in bed. "What about my invention for securing perpetual peace?" Keep it, keep it; it will be needed. "And what about my job I lost, though I am a genius, when war broke out?" There are others for all geniuses.

Genius for action, genius for putting the thing through, genius to make the great will of a striving time effective—advance all of it! And you of the new army, *jeune lieutenant d'artillerie*, young new Bonaparte obscure and silent—be silent no more, since the day for you and for your spirit is with us. Take it and make the most of it. For this sort of day (to tell the truth) we hope will never come back to us.

W. M.

OUR STRENGTH TO-DAY.

Not gold, but only men can make people great and strong—Men who for truth and honour's sake, Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep. Who dare while others fly—They build a nation's pillars deep, And lift them to the sky.

EMERSON.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

DIED OF PATIENCE.

IT IS suggested that for those people who, notwithstanding their day's work, feel quite active after dinner, nothing could be better than a game of patience. Assuming that nothing can be done by these same people to alleviate any of the distress consequent upon the war, would they not do better to take up some congenital study? I think one of the least pleasant of English traits is this desire for card playing; it betrays a melancholy dependence upon external for relief from boredom. Wasn't Napoleon's end hastened by his inveterate games of patience?

F. M. R.

THE OPEN-AIR CURE.

WITH REGARD to the question of fresh air, it is evident that several of your correspondents find it

fresh air without these exercises is like letting a stream of water flow into the neck of a bottle. The bottle must be emptied occasionally for the water to be sure to circulate elsewhere.

A person who breathes through the nose and observes deep breathing exercises is less susceptible to "germs" under normal conditions than the fresh air expert when living in full enjoyment of his pet theories. This, at least, is the opinion I have come to by observation during the past five years.

MODERATION.

THE SUNDAY GORGE.

AS ONE who has never "slummed" or lived in a slum, I would like to champion the working-class wife and mother, who, unable to give her family a good dinner every day, does so on Sunday.

In hundreds of homes Sunday is the only

HOW TO DRESS AS A GENTLEMAN IN GERMANY.

EXTREMES TO WHICH HATRED OF ANYTHING ENGLISH MAY LEAD GERMANS



A little book has just come out in Germany which professes to teach young men how to be truly and patriotically gentlemen. They are never on any account to wear anything English. German fashions everywhere! In a little while, the Berlin "nut" will, no doubt, know exactly how to make clothes and kultur conform.—(By Mr. W. K. Haseloen.)

impossible to sit in a room or railway carriage with the windows open proves nothing. In reality it is a confession of weakness. The temperature which they enjoy is not merely unnatural, but such that it renders them unfit to withstand the least hardship.

Disease, we know, flourishes in places where there is no current of clean air, and it is testimony to the health-giving properties of fresh air that the Germans insist upon ventilation which comprises the draughts to which our friends object.

As regards physical endurance, I personally would back a man like Lieutenant Muller—or, for that matter, any other known advocate of fresh air—against one of these hothouse friends.

M. E. B.

MY view is that those persons who think a constant stream of fresh air is necessary for good health appear to neglect the more important exercise of deep breathing.

The air in the lower lung cells should be changed by deep exhalations and inhalations two or three times a day. Simply to breathe

day the family is united, and what greater pleasure can mother provide than a good dinner, to be looked forward to all the week.

As I look back forty years to my childhood's days, what happy memories those Sunday gorges recall, and yet a big family, small wages, and no garden. What an extravagant mother! Yes, but a fine cook, and she loved to watch us "tuck in."

WEST COUNTRY MOTHER.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 10.—There is just time to plant roses, but the work should be finished as soon as possible. I have been asked to give the names of a dozen good roses suitable for the small garden.

The following are all reliable kinds:—Mrs. J. Laing (soft pink), Madame Ravary (salmon-buff), Madame A. Chatenay (carmine-red), Gustave Regis (yellow), General McArthur (crimson), Hugh Dickson (crimson), Frau K. Druschki (white), Ulrich Brunner (cherry-red), Conrad Meyer (rose), Caroline Testout (pink), Lyon (shrimp pink), and Lady Battersea (cherry-crimson).

E. F. T.

LOVE AT HOME.

Problems of Family Life Discussed in War Time.

THE SERVICE OF LOVE.

"ANOTHER MAN" says that love is spelled "Service."

Quite true, and might I add that a husband is the servant, to whom love never pays any wages.

DEFINITION.

THE ENERGETIC PARENT.

I HAVE been very much interested in the letters of your correspondents on the subject of the toleration of parents. One or two mothers have given their views; perhaps it is now time for another girl to speak up.

I am very thankful indeed to be able to state that both my father and my mother are an inspiration to me.

It is not that I imagine them to be perfect. Indeed, I know they have—I could name them, though they are but slight and rather lovable weaknesses—but the great point is—what they are! Intellectually, both are graduates, and all through their lives have kept themselves marvellously fit. They draw their energy from their everyday lives and also through the energetic and enterprising character of their holidays. I suppose there cannot be many grown-up young people to whom it is a pleasure to go away with their parents. It takes us for cycling tours on the Continent and are themselves equal to thirty or forty miles' cycling a day!

Of course, I know quite well that my parents are exceptional. No parents of any of my friends have anything like their individualities or purposefulness. And if we were not fairly well off many of the things I have spoken of would have been impossible.

Still, what I want to say to other girls is this: If you want your daughters to "tolerate" you, or speak of your "blatant defects" live a positive and useful life, bring them up well, and they will respect and love you.

PROUD OF MY PARENTS.

THE UNBORN CHILD.

I VERY much want to ask those of your readers who write vaguely about the duty of men and women to bring up good children if they ever think of a duty they might possibly owe to the unborn child?

I suppose they consider the world as it is to-day a sufficiently charming heritage to quite justify their attitude. I only hope the children may find it so.

W. J. S.

UNEMPLOYED WOMEN. As a middle-class householder, I protest very strongly against the strike made by misguided enthusiasts in organising and encouraging the emigration of young women who are suitable for domestic servants.

The fact remains that ever since the war the dearth of good domestic servants has increased, and I, like thousands of others, find it almost impossible to get efficient and industrious maids. The result is that the maid is either married or engaged by having to do the work of a cook or parlourmaid in addition to her own duties of supervision, attention to children, and the never-ending details connected with even a small household.

If you make inquiries, especially in the outer suburbs of London, you will hear deep complaints about this state of things, which has become very serious.

I wish many women would begin by helping the home before trying to help those at the front.

HOUSEHOLDER.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is the lifted face that feels the shining of the sun.—Browning.

TURKS "HOLDING" THE DARDANELLES.

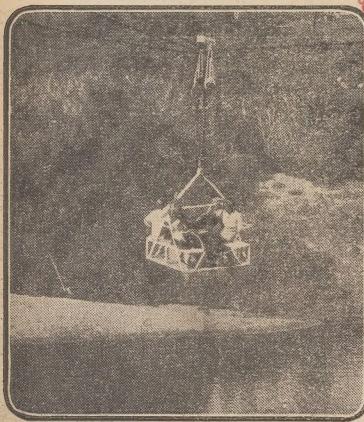
9 1129.



Turks firing on a British aeroplane. The incident, however, only took place in the German artist's imagination. But Berlin appears able to believe anything, even the absurdly fanciful reports which are published about the bombardment of the Dardanelles.

BRITISH OFFICERS "NEST" IN A TREE.

9 325 6



How the rivers are crossed.

These pictures were taken in British East Africa, near the borders of the enemy's territory. The officers practically live up the tree, and are seen taking afternoon tea. They have made a "nest" with straw, and are quite comfortable. They are, of course, continually on the lookout.



Officers among the branches.

SAVED LIFE
WITH TEETH.
P. 140 94



Fireman Harry Darkins, awarded the police medal for bravery at a Knightsbridge. He used his teeth to carry a woman.

WHAT AIRMEN FEAR.

9 9415



A French anti-aircraft gun in its pit in the Argonne. These weapons have proved most effective.

GERMAN SPIES IN THE

9 444



The waiter learns important facts from the army officer.

The war has, of course, made its influence felt in the nursery, and dolls which the spy game can be played are now easily the favourite toys. The

LADY
P. 13381

Lady Ida S car on arrival was res with Oliver

WELL

MR. BALFOUR'S
NIECE TO WED.
P. 1635

Miss Joan Balfour, daughter of Lady Frances Balfour and niece of Mr. Arthur Balfour, who is to be married to-day to the Hon. Edward Lascelles, son of Lord Harewood.—(Val L'Estrange.)

PRINCIPAL DEAD.

P. 2093

Principal Sir James Donaldson, of St. Andrews University, who has died.—(Lafayette.)

on her motor-
cycle, where her
son is charged
in Field with

TRYING TO KEEP BACK THE RUSSIANS.
9.6292

Germans getting ready to fire a machine-gun in Poland, where matters are going none too-well with Von Hindenburg. According to the latest reports, desperate fighting is taking place in the Politza region, and the Russians are taking a very heavy toll of life.

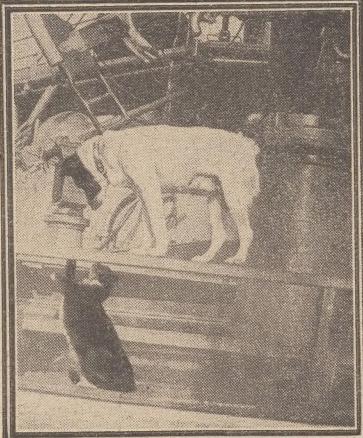
AND THE RESTAURANT.

9444

Fraulein, the nursery governess, is in reality a spy.

Cleverly made, as will be seen from these two groups. They are also much more elaborate than old-fashioned toys.

A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK.

9616 E

Two naval pets who are the best of friends. They play together all day, while their owners wait for the Germans to come out.

"BOUND TO BE RIGHT."

9.11908 S

"I pray for peace and deliver cannons; one of them is bound to be right," says President Wilson in this German cartoon.

To-day's Toilet Hints.

SELECTED RECIPES FROM HERE AND THERE—THINGS EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The Magnetism of Beautiful Hair. "Applied Arts."

Beautiful hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the lookout for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stallax as a shampoo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy and wavy effect which it leaves. As stallax has never been made for this purpose, it is best that the chemist only sell sealed original packages, enough for twenty-five or thirty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect.

Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair.

"Toilet Gossip."

How to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered phenol, obtainable from the chemists, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.

Don't Have Grey Hair.

A simple old-fashioned, home-made recipe will make the greyness disappear.

Grey hair is often a serious handicap to both men and women while still in the prime of life. Hair dyes are not advisable because they are always obvious, inconvenient and often irritating. The following is now a very simple formula, which is easily made up at home, will turn the hair back to a natural colour in a perfectly harmless manner. You have only to get an ounce of tanninale concentrate from your chemist and mix it with four ounces of bay rum to prove this. Apply this simple and harmless lotion for a few nights, then wash with a small sponge and the greyness will gradually disappear. The lotion is neither sticky nor greasy, and has been proved over and over again for generations past by those in possession of the formula.

To Have Smooth, White Skin, Free From Blemish.

"Boudoir Gossip."

Does your skin chap or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth and soft. Just get some ordinary mercerised wax at the chemists and use a little before retiring as you would use cold cream. The wax, when it has been applied, breaks off the rough cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp, only in almost invisible particles. Mercerised wax simply hastens Nature's work, which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

Blackheads Fly Away.

Instantaneous remedy for blackheads, greasy skin and large pores.

A practically instantaneous remedy for black heads, greasy skins and enlarged pores, recently discovered, is now coming into general use in the boudoir. It is very simple, harmless and pleasant. Drop a strong tablet, obtained at the chemist, in a glass full of hot water. After the effervescence has subsided bathe the face in the liquid, using a small sponge or soft cloth. In a few minutes dry the face and the offensive blackheads will come right off on the towel. Also the large oily pores immediately close up and efface themselves naturally. The greasiness disappears and the skin is left smooth, soft and cool. This simple treatment is then repeated a few times at intervals of four or five days to ensure the permanence of the result.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—(Advt.)

LOANS DURING WAR AS USUAL.

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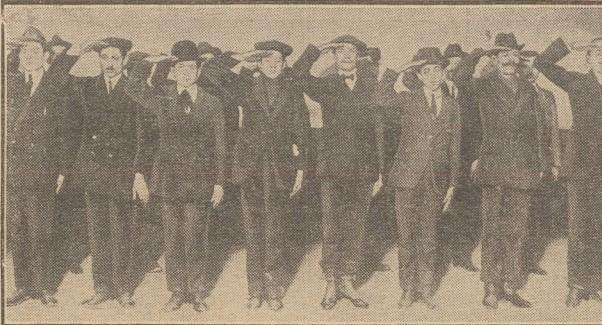
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YOUNG ITALY WANTS TO FIGHT.



In many of the large towns of Italy, the young men who want Italy to intervene are drilling every evening after their day's work.

£5,000 FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

"The Daily Mirror's" Record Offer for Snapshots of War Incidents.

SEND FILMS NOW.

£5,000 for amateur photographers!

The offer made by *The Daily Mirror* of £1,000, £250 and £100 for the first, second and third most interesting photographs of a war happening has proved to be so attractive to amateur photographers everywhere that we have decided to set aside a further £3,650 to be paid for.

This additional sum of £3,650 will be paid out in various amounts, week by week, as the photographs appear. There will be a large number of handsome payments for the best snapshots published each week. All photographs used will be well paid for.

£1,000 FOR BEST PICTURE.

£1,000 will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the Editor between now and July 31. £250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph and £100 for the third.

The additional sum of £3,650 makes *The Daily Mirror's* offer the most remunerative yet submitted for the consideration of amateur photographers.

Films will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed.

This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Bouvier-street, London, E.C.

PUBLIC-HOUSE FOR WOMEN.

Women are to have at least one public-house which they can call their very own.

It is to be known as the Despard Arms, and is to be opened at 50, Cumberland-market, Albany-street. Mrs. Despard made the announcement at yesterday afternoon's meeting of the Women's Freedom League.

The women of the poorer classes, she said, had no opportunities of meeting together and discussing questions of interest, unless they frequented the "pub." Women needed some place where they could meet together at night, and the league was therefore making this experiment.

DEATH OF MRS. BIRRELL.

Mrs. Birrell, the wife of Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland, died yesterday evening. She had been ill for some time and until quite recently strong hopes were entertained of her recovery.

She was the daughter of Frederick and Lady Charlotte Locker, and she married Mr. Birrell in 1883, after the death of her first husband, the Hon. Lionel Tennyson. Mr. Birrell had also been married once before, his first wife dying in 1879.

DUKE OF TECK ON SICK LEAVE.

The Duke of Teck, who is staying at the Central Hotel, 120, Villa Nevada, Cannes, with the Duke of Teck, is on leave owing, it is stated, to gastric trouble.

For this reason the Duke of Teck has come over to the Queen Mary Home at Nice for consultation and, if necessary, treatment.

Meanwhile the Duke accompanies the Duchess in walks, drives and visits to friends.—Central News.

The mutilated remains of a well-dressed woman were found yesterday on the Great Western Railway line between Maidenhead and Twyford.

UNWORTHY OF CAPITAL 'K.'

Schoolboy's Description of Kaiser as Being "Nearly a Heathen."

"The Kaiser is the German Emperor, and he is a very wicked man and nearly a heathen."

Such is the description applied to Germany's "Emperor" by Fred Smith, aged twelve, a pupil at Nash School, Stony Stratford, Bucks, whence seven children, especially the Kaiser have been forwarded to *The Daily Mirror*.

"His commands to his soldiers," Fred continues, "are to respect nothing, and he don't deserve a capital K to begin his name with."

"The Kaiser says he is 'God's Lieutenant.' He is a wicked wretch."

A promising young lad of ten, George Smith, takes the Kaiser to task for the Hun's murdering of women. He writes as follows:

"The Kaiser wants to get to England. Then he would treat the people cruelly."

"No one will ever think anything of him any more. We do not want a man like that for our King, and we hope he won't get to England."

Wilfrid Varney, aged eleven, whose errors in spelling have left uncorrected, "lets himself go" in the following denunciation:

"The Kaiser is the Emperor of Germany, is the wickedest, barbacon, villainous and also a murderer man as ever lived upon the earth. He is worth a flogging."

"He was the man who started this great war. All he wished was to make women and children."

"When he sent some airships and bombarded three English towns and killed many people, he was still filled with joy that he had the bells rung for joy."

"No one will ever think anything of him again."

One of the youngest writers, Willie Smith, aged eight, thinks the Kaiser "a silly to make the war and the Crown Prince is a silly as well."

"He thought he was going to have his Christmas dinner in Buckingham Palace, but he thought wrong and they call him Kaiser Bill."

KILLED BY HIS FALSE TEETH.

The death of a soldier who swallowed his two false teeth during his sleep was investigated at a Marylebone inquest yesterday.

The deceased was Trooper John W. G. Newell, nineteen, Royal Horse Guards. When taken to hospital X-rays showed that the teeth were half-way down the gut.

He was placed under an anaesthetic, but attempts to extract them by forceps were ineffective, and it was decided to operate on Monday, but the case was taken suddenly worse and died.

The post-mortem showed that the hooks of the plate had penetrated through the walls of the pulled and loose had prevented any efforts to dislodge the plate.

A verdict of Accidental death was returned.

HOW TO HAVE A SLENDER FIGURE

EXPLAINED BY FAMOUS FRENCH HERB SPECIALIST.

"To preserve a youthful appearance and activity I had ought to take a bath, a dinner and a walk every day of my life," said Mme. Damere in a recent beauty culture lecture. "If she sees a double chin forming, if cheeks, neck or arms are getting too plump or should hips and abdomen bulge more than they used to, it is time she did something beside just worrying. A simple hair recipe which I have never known to fail in taking off extra weight is to mix one dram of quassia chips and three ounces of cirola bark extract. Put the quassia chips in a pan and pour over them a teacupful of boiling water. In about half a minute strain through a cloth and add the cirola bark extract. Apply every day to double chin, fleshy hips, abdomen, or anywhere you want to be thinner, but be careful to apply only where you want fat removed, and I am sure you will be delighted with the change that takes place within a week or ten days."

Rioting has occurred in Lisbon as the result of labour leaders' agitations, says the Central News, and several persons have been injured by shots fired by the police and the rioters.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR LAVONA HAIR TONIC, the kind he sells under a signed guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 2s. 1d. and 4s. 3d.—(Advt.)

PEEVISH, BILIOUS CHILDREN LOVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Harmless "fruit laxative" cleanses tender stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and imperfectly digested food.

For this reason the Duke of Teck has come over to the Queen Mary Home at Nice for consultation and, if necessary, treatment. Meanwhile the Duke accompanies the Duchess in walks, drives and visits to friends.—Central News.

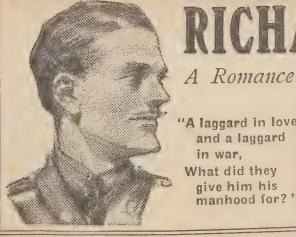
bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" sweet and wholesome.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeits sold here, so look and see that yours is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all leading chemists, 1s. 1d. and 1s. 9d.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love
and a laggard
in war,
What did they
give him his
manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowards in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is doing in his club-room. He is doing not because he particularly wants to, but because he has nothing better to do. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he hardly wants rousing out of himself.

Just now Richard Chatterton has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

As Richard Chatterton thoughts drift on, he begins to realize more definitely that a shadow of something has begun to creep between them of late. It is very unpleasant, as Sonia—and her wealth—suit him admirably.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognizes the voices of old Jardine and Montague—Montague being the one who limps.

Suddenly Chatterton listens more alertly. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying; "a great, healthy fellow like he is."

Dick's a stoker, and always has been. Montague, however, does not like to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him...

He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after..." After a few more words they go out.

* * * * *

Richard Chatterton feels as though a stream of ice water had been sprayed down his back. Did they think he was afraid to go out there? And what of doing so? he told himself. But he couldn't very well, as Sonia cared for him so much.

He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. She is happiness itself which she used to give him. "I'm the first time I've ever wondered if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for money. There is a little scene between them.

Ruffled again, Francis, Richard leaves the room. He thinks of Montague, but he can't put him out of his mind. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting the telephone rings, and a nosey-eyes answers it before the receiver.

To his astonishment he hears Sonia speaking. "Francis," she says, "I'm going to do what you tell me. I saw Richard to-day, and I can't marry him. Be at the dance, and I'll meet you there. I'll come away with you and marry you as soon as you like."

At the dance, which Richard Chatterton attends, Sonia speaks to Montague about her telephone message. To her horror, he tells her that he never had her message.

Instinctively, Sonia knows that it was Richard who had received the message. But when he comes to her, sick at heart, and realizing what he is losing, Sonia's love for Montague disappears, and she breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is still a slacker. The old man explains that he has put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing.

One day Sonia receives a packet which contains all the letters she had sent to Richard. She looks at them with a dazed expression; then, in a hard voice, she says to Lady Merriam: "I have promised to marry Francis Montague as soon as he likes."

MONTAGUE'S SHOCK.

IT was only when Sonia saw with her own eyes the many letters she had written to Richard sent back by his own hand, unwanted—unvalued—that she realised how intangible a thing had been the hope in her mind that some day something would happen to bring him back to her; something that would change his carelessness, his good-humoured, bold, and冒險的 ways.

Now the hope was dead; she shivered a little as she stood in Lady Merriam's morning room while her ladyship gathered up the scattered letters with plump hands.

One or two of them she had written from Burvale just before he asked her to marry him; she recognised the paper and the monogram at the bottom of several, and most of them had been written since. They seemed like a series of stepping-stones always leading down and away from the glorious pinnacle of happiness from which she had started, to this...

It was true that she had broken the engagement with Chatterton, but at that moment she felt as if the will and the deed had been his, for surely he could never have cared, even a little, for her.

A sense of burning shame and injured pride had driven her to speak of that promise to Montague; there had been no promise; for the past week she had been evading his eagerness, and turning a deaf ear to his pleadings, but now

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

he seemed the one hope she could cling to, the one chance to save her pride.

She would marry him; she would marry him as soon as ever he liked, and show Richard how little she cared for his indifference.

She went down on her knees beside Lady Merriam, and began gathering up the scattered letters recklessly.

Their very touch seemed to scorch her hands; little fond sentences she had written to him, secure in the belief that he loved her, came rushing back to her memory and made her cheeks burn. She had a horrible feeling of certainty that Lady Merriam could read them through. She snatched up the handful she held over to the fire and threw them on to the red coals, pressing them down and holding them there with the poker till they were nothing but grey, feathery ash.

But there were still the photographs.

"You can't burn them," said Lady Merriam, a little uncertainly. "It would be such a shame. Give them to me, my dear, and I'll put them away. But you only..."

Her eyes were fixed; she kept her lips close shut to hide their trembling; she felt as if that hot wave of shame that was scorching her would never die down till they were all burnt—all destroyed beyond recognition. A letter folded about one of them fell and lay exposed on the hearth. As she bent to snatch it up some words in her own writing caught her eye.

"I have never been so happy—it seems as if it must be too good to last; I think I should die if I woke up and found that you didn't really love me..."

Had she really written those foolish words to him? Her cheeks were crimson, and her eyes full of tears, as she crushed the letter into her hand and flung it into the fire.

What a fool she had been—what a blind, sentimental fool! She looked round at Lady Merriman.

"That's done with," she said defiantly. "And now I only want to forget all about it."

Fine sounding words, with that throbbing pain in her heart; that choking sensation in her throat. Lady Merriam said nothing; she stood looking down at the grey ash powdering the grate, and her eyes were rather sad.

Richard knew how impossible it is to bury the past; how impossible to forget a first love; how utterly hopeless to try and kill traitorous memory.

"And now I'm going to be really, really happy," said Sonia.

She spoke in a high, excited voice; she stretched her arms above her head as if trying to shake off some weight that clung to her.

"We'll go down to Burvale and relax and enjoy ourselves. Mr. Jardine and Francis shall come with us, and we'll get up concerts for the Belgians and the wounded soldiers and all manner of things. You'll like that, Lady Merriam, won't you?"

Sonia cried out indignantly.

"I don't know what you mean? What do you mean?" but Lady Merriam walked out of the room without answering.

Sonia stood for a moment looking at the door, then she flung up her head defiantly. "What did she care? She had done with the past—done with it; she was going to be happy with Francis."

Sonia cried out indignantly.

"I don't know what you mean? What do you mean?" but Lady Merriam walked out of the room without answering.

Sonia stood for a moment looking at the door, then she flung up her head defiantly. "What did she care? She had done with the past—done with it; she was going to be happy with Francis."

Sonia sat down at Lady Merriam's desk and began a letter to him, but her pen got no further than the "Dear Francis." She did not know what to say; no words would come; she tore up the paper irritably and started another.

"I don't know what I want you..."

Sonia had meant to send it by her messenger to his rooms, but now she changed her mind and fully addressed and stamped it. Posted, he would not get it till the morning; that would give her still a few hours respite.

Montague smiled when he found the little note amongst his pile of correspondence. He considered that it was the result of his seeming laziness that he had put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is still a slacker. The old man explains that he has put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing.

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(Continued on page 13.)

stick he carried, moving a quick pace forward incredulously, for the taller man of the two was Richard Chatterton. He was laughing and talking with his companion—a shorter, older man—and he looked very well and alert in his not particularly well-fitting uniform. He did not see Montague, and in a moment they were lost in the crowd.

Montague stood staring in the direction they had taken with faces that were blank beneath frowning brows. Chatterton in khaki! Chatterton enlisted! And as an ordinary "Tommy," A dull sort of anger possessed him.

Supposing Sonia was to get to know this, supposing she knew already and had sent for him to say that she had no further use for him. A frenzy of anxiety consumed him. When at last a taxi came crawling along through the pale winter sunshine he got into it with unusual alacrity and told the man to "drive like the deuce."

Chatterton in khaki! The thing was inconceivable after all that had happened. If Sonia knew she would make a tin god of him; if Sonia knew, all his own plans and desires would go to the wall.

Montague was no fool; he knew perfectly well that Sonia still clung for Chatterton, but that her own disappointment, carefully nursed by his insinuations, had for the time being, at any rate, choked all feeling but resentment and disillusionment.

THE LIE.

HE was a little pale with apprehension when at last he went to the room where she was waiting for him. His real anxiety made his greeting doubly sincere and loverlike:

"My darling, I have only just got your note. I came as soon as ever I could."

He took her hands and bent and kissed them. One glance at her face had reassured him; she looked a little nervous and uncertain, but he knew he had nothing to fear. When he put an arm round her shoulders, she gave no resistance, though she turned her face away.

"I sent for you because . . . because . . ."

"Yesterday afternoon, after you left me, something happened, and— and I told Lady Merriman that you and I . . . we're going to be married . . ."

"Sonia?" She held him back gently but determinedly.

"I don't know what made me say it, but . . . but I was upset—and oh, I hope you don't mind, that you don't think it horrid of me."

"Mind!" His face was radiant. She felt a pang of remorse as she looked at him; it seemed so unfair—such a one-sided bargain.

"You know that I ask nothing better than to give you for my wife. . . . I can't believe it. Sonia, you were told to me yesterday—I was so unhappy when I went away. Dearest, you're not just saying this impulsively; you won't change your mind?"

"No."

"And you really want to marry me; you really care for me, after all . . ."

"I do want to marry you."

He was now more relaxed; he had answered the latter part of his question; he thought her averted head meant adorable shyness; he bent and kissed her hair just where it waved above a white temple; she moved a little, then, as if protestingly.

He drew her down to sit beside him on the wide window seat; fading sunshine filled the room. She hardly heard Montague speaking to her; her whole being was concentrated on the effort to dredge the crowding memories that would not die.

"As in a dream she heard the man at her side ask the question that Richard had whispered her that night of the ball. For a moment she closed her eyes, and against the dark background of her lids she seemed to see him as he had looked when she walked away from him with old Jardine—the white approach of his face, the hurt incredulity in his eyes.

Why think about him—he who had never cared for her? She forced herself to smile—to answer lightly.

"If I don't care for you then I don't care for anyone in the world."

Montague was silent; he told her he was more than he had ever dreamt it possible to be what he would devote his life to her. She drew a little away from him.

"Lady Merriman and I are going down to Burvale on Saturday. I thought if you came next week for a few days—"

"If! Of course I shall come." He kissed the hand lying so passively in his.

Sonia tried to laugh.

"Of course, of course you will." She wondered how she would ever live through the days lying ahead; how she could ever tolerate to see Montague down at Burvale; how she could school herself to walk through the days with him as once she had walked with Richard.

Some women are inherently faithful; to some freedom is a woman's religion, and the perfect desirability, now attainable when ATOMLIC is used for trying and punishing it.

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ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old or new) bought: 10s. to 15s. per pair. Call or post.

CAST-OFF Clothes—Uniforms, Teeth, Jewellery, etc.: best prices; buyers attend free; cash by return for stamp. Call or post.

GENT'S Ladies' Left-off Clothes: old teeth; good prices—Central Stores, 24, High Holborn, C.

SCRAP. Purchased—old clothes, 10s. to 15s. per pound. Call or post; highest prices by return—Fraser's Ipswich, Ltd., 2 Princess St., Ipswich. Established 1833.

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BACON—Delicious boneless fitches, 1s. 11d. lb.; choicest dairy-fed hams, 10s. to 12 lbs. 10s. per week; satisfaction guaranteed; price list free—Boaden Bacon Company, Redcliffe-st., Bristol.

GARLIC—Garlic, 3s. 9d.; 2 Wild Duck, 4s. 6d.; 5 Teal, 3s. 6d.; 10 Duck and 3 Partridges, 5s. 6d.; 10 Pigeons, 2s. 6d.; 10 Hare, 2s. 6d.; 10 White Pigeons, 2s. 6d.; Hare and Pheasant, 3s. 6d.; all carriage paid; all birds London.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY—Real Shamrock, 6d. and 1s. boxes—C. Gunn, 32, Talbot-st., Dublin.



Archdeacon Wilberforce.

An Alarm.

I had never heard of the Archduke of Westminster until yesterday. But soon after I reached my office in the morning I read a message sent out by a most reputable newsgency to the effect that this personage "had passed a good night." I was startled, almost alarmed, for it suggested Austrian invasion and other frightful horrors kept back from us by the tyrant Press Bureau. But it wasn't an archduke after all. It was the archdeacon about whom the good tidings were spread, so all is well.

Like an Upside-Down Table.

Archdeacon Wilberforce has not been well for some time past. He was seventy-four last month, but he has been a remarkably active man. As well as his appointments at the Abbey, he is rector of that curious church that looks like a table on its back with four legs sticking up in the air, St. John, in Smith-square, Westminster.

The Palace Revue.

I looked in at the Palace Theatre to see "The Passing Show" on Tuesday night. I left after eleven o'clock with a "stitch in my side," caused by unrestrained laughter. The book is unusually witty, and I don't remember any revue with so many bright lines. Messrs. Wimpfen and Carrick may be proud of their work.

"Making the Rope Sing."

Miss Elsie Janis won fresh laurels as a cowboy's lasso-wielding sister. She "made the rope sing" according to a cowboy I know, and I'm certain she must have put in months of practice to have acquired the skillful command of the rope she displayed. The audience seemed never to tire of applauding

Mr. Playfair's Good Work.

The burlesque of David Copperfield was good, and I feel certain that some of the harsher lines in it will be softened before many days. Mr. Arthur Playfair's Micawber was a brilliant bit of character work, and his make-up was really marvelous.

What Will Sir Herbert Say?

I should think the illustrious Micawber of the Haymarket would enjoy a good laugh at Playfair's burlesque. Mr. Nelson Keys' "bantam" march and song made all the men in khaki in the house rock with laughter. This revue should provide smiles for London until the leaves begin to fall.

In Japan in London!

I spent a couple of hours in Japan yesterday. I went down to the Royal Albert Docks, and was shown over the Fusihina Maru, the latest addition to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Line, and the biggest and most luxurious liner yet built in Japan.

Like a Tokio Hotel.

Everything on board is Japanese except, curiously enough, the language of the Japanese crew. They and the ship's officers spoke English most of the time.

The Language of the Sea.

It seems that all ship's orders are given in English, and the captain told me that our language, as a matter of fact, is used more in the Japanese merchant service than Japanese itself! He explained that most shipping terms could be much better expressed in concise English than in his own language.

Stage Fright.

People who went to see "Florodora" the other night very nearly didn't see the principal singer, Mr. Jameson Dodds, at all. For some unaccountable reason he had the most acute attack of nerves and sheer, hopeless stage fright. "I never felt so helpless in my life," Mr. Dodds told me yesterday. "I simply couldn't go on the stage and face the audience. There I stood like a paralysed dummy."

The Kiss Cure.

"Goodness knows what would have happened if it hadn't been for Miss Evie Greene. She recognised how things were in a tick, and, coming straight up to me, she shook me and finished up by giving me a kiss! Whether it was the surprise, I don't know, but it certainly cured me. Someone gave me a little push, and I found myself on the stage, where all went well."

Which Is My Friend?

I was having a chat yesterday with a famous restaurateur near Portland-place, whose restaurant has always been famous for its clientele of Ambassadors and their staffs. The war, he tells me, has had a very unsettling effect on his clients, more especially those representing neutral countries. The neutral diplomat's trouble just now is to know which is his friend.

Try to Dodge Each Other.

For instance, attachés to the Bulgarian, Rumanian and Greek Legations are not anxious just now to dine with each other. As a rule, a young secretary of Legation is a very bright youth, and until last August leading night clubs always counted on their support. But now attachés will be found dining by themselves. Another thing that has been killed by the war is the "diplomatic weekend," the late Lord Londonderry's favourite form of social entertainment.

Countess Szechenyi III.

New York will be greatly excited over the news that came yesterday about the Countess Laszlo Szechenyi. Before her marriage she was Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, and she is down

P. 781 E



Countess Laszlo Szechenyi.

with smallpox at one of the military hospitals in Budapest. She caught the disease from one of the sick in the hospital where she had been nursing wounded Austrian soldiers.

Ample Offering.

The Countess Laszlo Szechenyi—no, I won't try to pronounce the name!—inherited the vast sum of £2,400,000 just before her marriage to the Austrian Count in January, 1908. At this time it is stated that she also had "offerings" from her mother and brother which brought her total fortune to something near £6,000,000.

Cousin of a Duchess of Marlborough.

One of her cousins is the Duchess of Marlborough, who, before her marriage to the Duke, was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, the daughter of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt—rather a quaint relationship in view of the stirring events of to-day.

A News—*Surprise*.

Next Sunday is to see a new Sunday paper on sale, *The Sunday Pictorial*. I say a new paper, and I mean it. It will be not only an additional newspaper, but a Sunday paper of quite a new kind, full of pictures and news, as well as of splendid special features.

Full of Pictures.

If you turn to page 6 in this issue you will see all about it. And I can tell you that *The Sunday Pictorial* is going to be the pioneer paper of quite a new type of journal. It will be a picture paper, and it will have all the resources of *The Daily Mirror*'s wide-spread photograph and news services at its disposal. And you know what that means. Those services don't miss much.

What We Want.

I was glad to hear of the coming of this new journal, for a real picture paper on Sunday is what we all want, particularly in these stirring times.

Order No. 1.

The paper comes at a good time, too, for the news is waking up, and things are happening much more quickly now—and they will be happening quicker still in a week or so's time, if half I am told is true. So I would advise you to order Number 1 of *The Sunday Pictorial* at once. You will like it.

The Lyceum Club.

Somewhere or another, women's clubs seldom seem to have any luck. I see by the *Gazette* that applications have been made to wind up the Lyceum Club. Yet the Lyceum, of all women's clubs, appeared to be the most prosperous. I believe that the news of its financial straits comes as a great surprise even to its most faithful members.

Clubs That Have Passed.

Women, I fear, are not "clubbable." Somehow, they don't seem to understand the idea. A few years ago there was quite an epidemic of small, select women's clubs, many of which I used to visit. Most of them have been dead long since. But they were most amusing while they lasted, for the man visitor.

Chatter and Scandal.

They were full of scandal and clique warfare. I used to be told frightful stories of how So-and-so stole the hairpins, and how somebody else had to be watched most carefully with the cigarettes. But this may have been just chatter.

Patterns!

But there were other things that were not. I remember seeing a really beautiful curtain from which a large "pattern" had been cut. And the fashion-papers! When you could get hold of them they were cut to pieces. Pictures, paragraphs, particularly fashion pictures, had gone, removed, apparently with a pin.

The Lyceum Was Different.

But as I said, these funny little clubs have gone. The Lyceum in my experience was a different place. A little dull and sombre, but still well run. I am sorry it is in trouble. I hope it will soon pass.

Help for Belgian Barristers.

A friend in the Temple told me yesterday that he had just learned that the New York Bar Association was raising a fund for the assistance of distressed Belgian barristers, most of whom are now being looked after by the London Bar.

Of Royal Descent.

According to the latest published Navy List, the skipper of the giant battleship Queen Elizabeth is Captain G. P. Webley Hope. Captain Hope must be having a grand time just now with his big guns in the Dardanelles. A Welsh correspondent reminds me that Captain Hope is a descendant of King Edward VII., grandfather of that Queen after whom his command is named.



Capt. Webley Hope.

One of Nelson's Captains.

The descent comes through an early alliance between Henry Tudor and the beautiful daughter of Dafydd Ab-Jenan, whose descendants became the Ap Harrys or sons of Henry, now the Parrys, one of the big Welsh families of to-day. One of Captain Hope's great-grandfathers was a famous admiral of past years and one of Nelson's captains—Rear-Admiral Webley Parry, of Noyadd Fawr.

Nasty for Him.

Our warships are again in the Straits—terrible straits for the Turk!

Spell Exactly as You Like.

Most people, I expect, will remember the late Sir James Donaldson as a man who once gave the world a very cheering bit of advice. A little over two years ago the Vice-Chancellor of St. Andrews University comforted all exceeding by saying: "It doesn't matter how you spell. Spell just as you like, just as Shakespeare did and just as our ancestors did."

Only One Spelling System.

If Sir James could have had his way, all spelling-books would have been publicly burnt and all teachers of spelling banished from the land. Nothing like our spelling, he said, existed anywhere; the phonetic system of spelling which other nations used was the only system to adopt. THE RAMBLER.

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MEN TO BE GIVEN SECRET POCKET.

"Camtake" Which Was Originally Designed for Soldiers in Trenches.

TO CARRY MONEY.

Woman, even if fashion has decreed that she cannot have a visible pocket, will always have a secret pocket somewhere.

Sometimes the pocket is in her garter, or in her stocking or in the waist-belt. Now men are allowed to have a secret pocket.

Man is usually accorded many pockets in his clothes.

He can have pockets ranging from the pocket small enough for the half-sovereign change to the big pocket large enough to carry home a chicken.

Now he has a pocket attached to his braces. It is his little secret pocket, and is called the "camtake."

TO CARRY BANK NOTES.

It is made of leather in brown shades, suedes, greys, reds and pinks.

The "camtake" is a square pocket and it will hold the new paper money when doubled in half.

It was originally intended for the soldier in the trenches.

Four and sixpence is the price of some of the "camtake" pockets, but there are several sizes, varying from 1s. 6d.

The pocket is attached to the braces by a loop.

WAR DRAMA OF NIGHT.

How Wounded Frenchman Killed Foe Who Tried to Stab Him in the Dark.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

PARS, March 9.—It was about noon when Pierre D— opened his eyes. He was lying in a great plain near a river. Not far off was a broken bridge.

Vaguely he began to remember. A bayonet charge; then they were all grips under the light of powerful searchlights; then a sharp pain in the shoulder; then unconsciousness.

When he awoke he made an effort and sat up. Not him was German wounded too. Pierre started. He had recognised a man who was a comrade of his when he was studying German at Heidelberg University. It was von Mohren.

For a moment the Frenchman thought of speaking—then he remembered that night when he thought of the ignoble fashion in which they conducted the war. Besides, the German had turned his back on him.

Pierre lay no more of him and fell asleep. A movement near him awoke him. He started up. The German had crawled up to him and, with a bayonet in his hand, was about to pierce him.

With a quick movement of his hand Pierre knocked him over on his back, tore his bayonet from him and thrust it into his throat. The German gave a convulsive spasm and gasped his last breath.

The moon came out and Pierre tried to rise. But he was too weak. He fell back helpless over the body of his foe when the fever of the better of mind had caused him to forget that he must lie there for ever? That night before, in the thick of the battle, he had not been afraid. But now to die there alone seemed horrible.

At that moment the sound of voices—French voices—fell on his ear. It was like heavenly music. Bearers approached.

"We're here, mon lieutenant. Where are you wounded?" Easy, easy! There, lay him like that. One, two—forward!"

LIEUTENANT WHO RESIGNED.

When Frank Claud Thorpe, twenty-two, solicitor's clerk, of Greenwich, was charged at Bow-street yesterday with wearing the uniform of a lieutenant in the Army without authority, Major Lord Athlumney, Provost-Marshal, said defendant was granted a commission as second lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery on October 7.

A month later, he said, defendant wrote asking to be allowed to resign on medical grounds, and was gazetted out of the Army on his own request.

Defendant told the magistrate that in December his colonel told him that he did not think he would be a suitable officer, and suggested that he should resign.

He did so on medical grounds, but as he was not satisfied with the colonel's decision he spoke to Mr. Ternay, his lawyer, on his behalf. He had no idea that any decision had been arrived at in his case. He had continued to draw his pay since January last.

The magistrate remanded the defendant on his own recognisances for further inquiries.

GARIBALDI LEGION DISBANDED.

ROME, March 10.—The Rome correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* writes:—"The disbanding of the Garibaldi Legion is much commented upon here. This event is thought to be connected with future decisions which Italy might take, for in the moment of danger she will need the support of all her sons."—Reuter.

STICKS FROM QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

4. 1910



Wounded soldiers at the West London Hospital waving the sticks given to them by Queen Alexandra. The gifts numbered seventy, and were engraved with her Majesty's monogram.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

rid of the horrible feeling that Richard would know every time she let this man kiss her, that Richard would know that she had so soon put his rival in his place.

"But he never cared for me; he never cared for me," she told herself passionately. She clung desperately to that thought; she kept it determinedly before her eyes.

"And we will be married—when?" Montague asked.

She answered hurriedly.

"Oh, not just yet—a little later, perhaps—"

He bowed a little.

"What is there to wait for?" he queried impatiently. "It isn't as if I were shrinking; I can't go to the war, even if you don't marry me, when I have my own wife flushed the figure of Chatterton; but I have seen it only an hour since; Chatterton in khaki!"

He began to plead with Sonia; he knew that this was his opportunity. If only he could marry her before she heard about Chatterton: he shrewdly guessed that he was only catching her heart in the rebound; he knew that he must keep steady now, and make his proposal when he had won her.

"You must give me a few days to think about it," she said restlessly. She tried to smile into his eager face. "Don't be so impatient! Haven't I been very good to give in so far?"

"You've been an angel."

"Well, then, can't you be satisfied?"

"I shall never be satisfied till you are my wife."

She did not answer. The sunshine had quite faded now; the room was grey with closing shadows; suddenly Sonia spoke.

"Will you promise me something, Francis?"

He answered half jestingly—

"To the half of my kingdom, my queen."

She shook her head—

"It's nothing like that; it's only . . ." A long silence followed what Sonia said.

He could not see her face, but he felt the hand he held quiver nervously.

"Only about—Richard Chatterton. . . . I never want you to speak about him any more—I never want to hear his name again. It's—it's all over and done with forgotten."

Forgotten, with that sweetened voice? Montague gave the promise only too eagerly.

"You shall never hear his name from me again; Sonia—you know he has given up his flat."

"Yes—I heard. . . . I suppose you say—I did hear that he had gone where he has gone? Mr. Jardine said abroad, but . . . if I knew where, I should be much—much more satisfied."

He knew that he was right, though the way that I should be likely to run up against him anywhere."

Silence—then Montague's voice came to her through the grey twilight, a little uncertain, a little different.

"I'm not sure—but they say—I did hear that he had gone to America. There were creditors, you know—they've been pressing him, and . . . I should think it's most probable that he has gone to America."

There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.

BAN ON NIGHT CLUBS.

The following regulation appears in the orders issued by Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, commanding the London District:—"No. 19—Discipline.—From the 12th inst. inclusive no officer belonging to the London Command and no officer belonging to another command who is temporarily in London will go to any dancing or other night club in uniform."

Ficolax keeps Children healthy

When a child is fretful, has a poor appetite, or does not sleep well, half a teaspoonful of Ficolax, the Children's Ideal Laxative, will soon put matters right and make him bright, healthy and happy.

Ficolax is the safest and most reliable aperient for children. It is prepared from the essences of choice fruits and contains no minerals or preservatives. Children like the delicious fruit flavour. Always keep FI-CO-LAX in the house.

Mrs. Johnston, Sutton; writes:—"I like your Ficolax better than any other medicine of the kind I have tried."

Give your Children

Ficolax

The Original Fruit Laxative

Sold in Bottles 1 lb. Family size 2 lb. Of all Chemists. The Ficolax Co., 39, Graham Street, London, N. 1.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS—Harry Grattan's "ODDS AND ENDS," presented by Hanako in "Olake," 8.30. Mats. To-day and Sat., 2.30. Stalls, 10s. 6d. 7s. 6d. 7s. 6d. 5s.; upper circle, 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d.

APOLLO—Tonight at 8.30. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY presents a BUSY DAY, by C. Carton. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d.

COMEDY—TO-NIGHT at 9. MATED. WEDS. and SATS. at 2.30. Preceded, at 8.30, by Mr. Ernest Hastings.

DAMES—Lester's, 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d.

MARY MARKET—"THE FIGHTING LIEUTENANT," by ASHLEY WELLS, 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d.

MALE—"THE FIGHTING LIEUTENANT," by ASHLEY WELLS, 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d.

TEARLE, Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat. Prices, 1s. to 7s. 6d.

HERBERT TREE, by EVELYN MILLARD.

KINGSWAY—AT 8.30. **FANNY'S FIRST PLAY.**

LYRIC—Every Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. Wed. 1s. 6d. 1s. 6d. 1s. 6d. 1s. 6d. 1s. 6d.

LYRIC—Evenings, at 8. **FLORODORA.**

EVIE GREENE—as Dolores. Mat. Weds. and Sat. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d.

THE GIRL IN THE TAXI—Mollie LYUBA LISKOFF as "SUZANNE," DENNIS EADE, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. Mat. Thurs. Sat. S. JAMES'—*Madame Butterfly* (Piccinni). MADAME BUTTERFLY (Piccinni).

To-morrow, at 8, *The Tales of Hoffmann*.

SCALA—"KINMACOLOR. TWICE FAIR," 2.30 and 7.30.

THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE, including

ENTERTAINMENTS actually performed.

STRAND—"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY,"

SHAFTEBURY—"MADAME BUTTERFLY" (Piccinni).

VAUGHN—"The Tales of Hoffmann,"

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STRAND—"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY,"

**No advance
in price of
the One and Only**

H.P. sauce

A bottle of H.P. is so full of delicious fruits and spices, skilfully blended, and you need not shake the bottle—there is no sediment—no one flavour predominates.

H.P. Sauce is the most economical and delicious of them all.

6d. per large bottle.

From Grocers and Stores all over the World.

"TIZ"—a Joy to Sore, Tired Feet

TIZ is just wonderful for sore, aching, swollen, perspiring feet and corns.



Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, perspiring feet, tired feet. Good-bye corns, hard skin, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing in your face in agony. TIZ is the magical trade name of TIZ draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use TIZ and wear smaller shoes. Use TIZ and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 1s. 1d. box of TIZ now at any chemist's or stores. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.

PERSONAL

M.—Dearest, shall never forget, write again. Truest love.—S.
LIVERPOOL.—Longing to see you. Write. Love.—MILFIELD.—Friends traced! Secret inquiries!—Rivers, Private Detective, 20, Regent-st., London.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

* The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 6d per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Pianos, Colour, 10d per word (minimum 8 words). Address Advertising Manager, Daily Mirror, 22, 29, Bouverie-st., London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS.—Boyd, Ltd., supply their high-class British pianos for cash, or 10s 6d per month; carriage paid; catalogue free.—Boyd, Ltd., 15, Holborn, London, E.C.

SOLDIERS DRAW A BRIDAL MOTOR-CAR.



The guard of honour draws the bridal motor-car at the wedding of Lieutenant Lickfold (Royal Field Artillery), and Miss Gordon. The ceremony took place in Gordon-square.

NEWS ITEMS.

Warned to Leave Mexico.

Americans have been warned by Mr. Bryan, says Reuter, to leave Mexico, and are informed that the Government will endeavour to provide transportation.

Forty-five Killed in London Streets.

Forty-five persons were killed in the streets in the Metropolitan Police district in February, 1915, as compared with forty in 1914, the Home Secretary stated yesterday.

Ticket Habit Spreads in Berlin.

Wilmersdorf, a suburb of Berlin, says Reuter, is shortly issuing potato tickets, allotting to each inhabitant for payment 20lb. of potatoes weekly from the municipal stocks.

M.P. Colonel's Fall from Horse.

Colonel the Hon. A. B. Bathurst, M.P., while directing the operations of the Gloucestershire Territorials at Northampton fell from his horse yesterday and broke his collar-bone.

An Obstinate Train.

A Hampstead Tube train at Euston station yesterday was unable to proceed, and efforts to put the matter right were for some time unavailable, with the result that the traffic on the line was dislocated.

Principal of St. Andrews Dead.

The death was announced yesterday of Sir James Donaldson, principal of St. Andrews University, at the age of eighty-four, who died at St. Andrews, the principality of which he held for twenty-seven years.

DAGGERS IN THE DARK.

PETROGRAD, March 10.—The Caucasians, principally volunteers, commanded by the Tsar's brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, have become known as "the wild division."

Mountainers born and bred, they have proved irresistible fighters in the Carpathians.

Driving into use of rifles, sabres and daggers between their teeth they glide night after night like snakes towards the enemy's outposts, trenches and batteries.—Reuter's Special.

NATIONAL HUNT 'CHASES.'

The opening stage of the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham yesterday was favoured with delightful weather, and a big crowd enjoyed some capital sport.

Small fields contested most of the races, but for the third time the race for the £1,000 prize, in which twenty-five horses were saddled. During the last eleven years the race has fallen to the favourite on only one occasion, and yesterday's result was no exception.

Iron Gate, Mr. J. R. Anthony's mount, was the popular fancy, but although he ran well he could only finish third in the meeting.

The concluding stage of the meeting selections are as follows:

- 1.15—Cleeve Hurdle—ROUGH AND READY.
- 1.45—Swindon S'chase—GREY LEG IV.
- 2.30—Coventry S'chase—LAMENTABLE.
- 3.15—Juvenile S'chase—VENI.
- 4.30—County Hurdle—FLURRY.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*ROUGH AND READY and FLURRY, BOUVERIE.

CHELTENHAM RACING RETURNS.

1.15—Southam Chase. 2m. 100y.—Les Ormes (4-5, Avila), 1—Finlashed alone, others fell; 3 ran.

2.45—Stayers' Hurdle. 3m.—Rathduff (Mr. Brabazon) w.o.

3.45—National Hunt Chase. 3m.—Marlin IV. (20-1, Maypole), 1; Red Sunset (20-1), 2; from Gate (5-1), 3—25 ran.

3.30—Cheltenham Chase. 2m. 100y.—Waylace (4-1, Anthony), 1; The Last (4-1), 2; Dick Dunn (9-9), 3.

4.00—Gloucestershire Hurdle. 2m.—Oppiger (7-1, Mr. Brabazon), 1; Desmond's Song (5-1), 2; The Bore (6-1), 3—25 ran.

4.30—Maiden Five-Year-Old Chase. 2m. 100y.—Gay Mac (10-1, C. Kelly), 1; Va Vite (10-1), 2; Sabaria (5-1), 7 ran.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

Lincoln Handicap—10-1 Outram (t., o), 100-8 View Low (t.), 100-5 Irish Chief (t., o), 20-1 Jarnac (t., o), 25-1 White (t., o).

Grand National—9-1 Irish Mail (t., o), 10-1 Bachelor's Flight (t., o), 100-8 Lord Marcus and Balsadden (t., o).

BLAKE v. REEVE TO-NIGHT.

Bandsman Blake, unbroken by any man of his own weight, meets Harry Reeve of Plaistow in a twenty-third contest since the Ring to Ring bout in 1909 (50-50).

Reeve has been coming all before him in the light heavyweight division of late, but Blake's admirers say sanguine that he will beat the Plaistow man, even at a disadvantage of over a stone.

Reeve was given a division of late, but Blake's admirers say sanguine that he will beat the Plaistow man, even at a disadvantage of over a stone.

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Won the V.C.



Kept fit by ZAM-BUK in a Trying Campaign.

HAVING just won the V.C. for conspicuous bravery at Rouges Bacs, France, Pte. 10684 Abraham Acton, of "B" Company, 2nd Border Regiment, tells to-day of the share the well-known Zam-Buk had in his proud honour.

This brave soldier, like thousands of others in France, always had a box of Zam-Buk in his haversack. It occupied next to no space, yet with its frequent application Pte. Acton kept his feet and limbs so supple and fit that months of hard campaigning still left him with the endurance necessary to win the most coveted "V.C."

Acton knew that there is no useful bravery without physical fitness, and it is because Zam-Buk has so often contributed to the physical fitness of himself and of his comrades that he has written a letter of gratitude to the proprietors of the celebrated "first aid."

"You can't place too much faith in Zam-Buk," says Pte. Acton. "It has been very useful to me on many occasions. I have used Zam-Buk for my feet, especially to keep frost-bite out, and to cure sprains; also for cleanly and quickly healing cuts from barbed wire and other things. Zam-Buk is indeed a grand thing for every soldier on active service to carry in his haversack."

The War Office Times, after noting the extensive use and success of Zam-Buk among our troops, wrote as follows on February 15th:—

"The war has not only enhanced Zam-Buk's reputation for first-aid purposes, but it has established the fact that a box of Zam-Buk is indispensable. Zam-Buk is a most effective alleviator of pain, not only for soldiers but for many other ailments and accidents to which officers and men on land and sea are liable. We should like to see one or two boxes of this excellent 'first-aid' supplied to every man of the Expeditionary Force."

N.B.—If you have a relative or friend at the front, take it upon yourself to see that he is at once provided with one, two, or three 1½ boxes of Zam-Buk. They will prove invaluable in a thousand emergencies.

Zam-Buk



Dust Cap falls at the last jump in the National Hunt Steeplechase. P-14084

P-17086



Mr. K. Gibson, one of the officer-jockeys.



Leading in Martial IV, after the race. *Paris* up.

There was a very big field for the National Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham yesterday. The winner was Martial IV, Major Purvis riding his horse to victory. There was a large attendance, despite the fact that so many of the regular patrons of the fixture are away on active service.—("Daily Mirror" photographs.)

BOY SPARS IN COURT.

Squares Up to Usher at Judge's Invitation and Lunges Out.

There was an amusing incident in Marylebone County Court yesterday, when Judge Selfe heard an application for compensation by a fourteen-year-old van boy, who was accompanied by his father in khaki uniform.

The boy said that in the absence of the carman he was driving a horse and van, when he fell and one wheel passed over his shoulder.

The boy squared up, and facing the usher lunged and was ready for a fight.

His Honour: How is it now?—It's getting all right.

You think you could box with it now?—Oh, yes. (Laughter.)

His Honour (pointing to an elderly usher of Little Titch stature): Try on him. (Laughter.) The boy squared up, and facing the usher lunged and was ready for a fight.

His Honour: Yes, I think you can use it all right. (Laughter.)

A doctor waiting for another case was asked by the Judge to examine the arm. The boy took off his coat and waistcoat, and amid much amusement, was put through a little Swedish drill.

The Judge made an order for the £10 agreed upon by the two solicitors in the case.

RUINING FRENCH TOWNS.

PARIS, March 10.—The inhabitants of the invaded towns in Northern France continued to furnish news, in spite of the rigour of the German authorities.

In the factories the Germans tear down every scrap of copper. The German Press is busy sending that goods to the value of £24,000,000 have been carried away.

The municipality of Lille has been compelled to edit a German control—a bi-weekly sheet, "Le Bulletin de Lille." The main purpose of this paper, which comes out every Thursday and Sunday, is to make the people understand the exigencies of German military authority.—Exchange.

VICAR SENT TO GAOL.

AT York Assizes yesterday the Rev. James Whittam, sixty, vicar of Sherburn, near Scarborough, pleaded guilty to three charges of obtaining money by fraud from money-lenders.

There were other charges of unlawful conversion of money obtained from Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Sir Tatton Sykes for Church purposes, to which he pleaded not guilty, and which were not proceeded with.

Mr. Justice Coleridge passed sentence of nine months' imprisonment in the second division.

FATAL NEEDLE.

Elizabeth Keen, wife of a Southwark bootmaker, pricked the first finger of her left hand and disregarded it until the finger became inflamed.

When she was admitted to the hospital it was too late to perform an operation. At the inquest at Lambeth a verdict of Accidental death was returned.

BUTCHERS HIT BY WAR.

TWO Thousand Shops Closed Since Hostilities Began—High Prices to Continue.

Two thousand butchers' shops have been closed since the war.

This was a statement made by Mr. J. Thomson, chairman of Eastmans, Ltd., at the annual meeting of the company yesterday. The company themselves, he said, had closed down 140.

Since the outbreak of war, he said, the Government had been trying to buy the imported meat, with the result that wholesale prices had risen steadily ever since.

This interfered very much with their business during the last five months of the year, as it was impossible to increase their retail prices at such a rate as to keep pace with the rise in wholesale prices.

If it had not been that they held large stocks which took out their position would have been much worse.

The high prices now current for the best qualities of imported meat by the carcass were not likely to come down to any extent while the war lasted, and they must do the best they could under the circumstances.

GERMANY'S FISH RING.

COPENHAGEN, March 10.—I am advised from Christiania that last week German agents closed a perfect trading ring round the Norwegian coasts almost as far as Lofoten with the intention of buying fish.

Such good prices are paid for the fish that Norwegian packers cannot compete against the Germans, and Norway's greatest home industry is therefore threatened with a great danger. A movement is on foot to ask the Government to step in and put a special tax on all foreigners establishing fishery industries similar to the Norwegian.—Exchange.

"SEEING OFF" TRAGEDY.

A terrible tragedy which occurred at Waterloo was the subject of a Lambeth inquest yesterday concerning the death of Elizabeth Susanna Woodley, of Berkeley-street, Somersetown, who was killed after seeing some soldier relatives off by the Portsmouth train.

When the train was signalled to start several hundreds of friends of soldiers were on the platform.

As the train moved off the woman was seen to be clinging to the handle of a door, and then she fell between the carriage and the platform. The train was stopped and she was extricated.

The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

GERMAN SOCIALIST SPLIT.

COPENHAGEN, March 10.—The German Socialist Party is split in the "Vorwärts" to-day says the line of division is quite visible. On one side are the old Socialists and on the other the National Reformists. The Liberals and Radicals do not like the position, and they regard the split as a national calamity destroying nearly all the interior fruits of war.—Exchange.

A TRIPLE GIFT FOR EVERY LADY READER.

HOW YOU MAY TEST THE WONDERFUL NEW TOILET CREAM FREE OF COST.

Also Six Lessons in Beauty Culture and Particulars of Great Presentation of Guinea Dressing Cases.

Do you desire a beautiful complexion—would you like to have your face free from all wrinkles, lines or blemishes—would you like to keep that youthful charm a clear complexion gives?—so, you should certainly send for the dainty supply of the new Astine Vanishing Cream, which is making a great host of friends.

Astine Cream simply vanishes immediately it is applied to the skin, leaving only its splendid effect. Whatever your skin trouble—blackheads, pimples, roughness from the wind, soreness after washing, just use Astine Vanishing Cream and you will find a splendid improvement in a very short while.

Mr. Edwards, the discoverer of Harlequin, has introduced this new and really unsurpassed Toilet Cream, and he extends a cordial invitation to all lady readers to test it free of cost. In fact, he offers a triple gift of exceptional interest.

If you will send your name and address on the form below, with 1d. stamp, you will receive:—

A free supply of the new Astine Vanishing Cream, which makes the complexion beautifully clear.

2. A set of six pleasing Beauty Culture lessons, which will soon bring the faded complexion to health and beauty.

3. Particulars of a remarkable plan whereby everybody can obtain a handsome fully-fitted Dressing Case Free.

Particularly at this time of year, when bitter cold and wind and rain are inclined to ruin the complexion, will Astine Vanishing Cream be appreciated, and when you have accepted the free supply of and have tested its merits, you can always secure larger supplies at 1s. and 2s. from chemists, or direct post free on remittance from the Edwards' Harlequin Co., 20-26, Lambs Conduit St., W.C.

POST THIS FORM TO-DAY

To the Edwards' Harlequin Co.,
20-26, Lambs Conduit St., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Three-fold "Astine" Beauty Gift as described above. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

"Daily Mirror," 11.3.15.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

are received at the offices of "The Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bow Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 a.m. and 6 (Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.), Financial Advertisements and Display Advertisements, 2s. 6d. per line, minimum 1s. Display Advertisements, 2s. 6d. per line, minimum 1s.

SEASIDE AND COUNTRY APARTMENTS.
2s. 6d. per line, minimum 1s.

Advertisements sent by post must be accompanied by POSTAL ORDERS, CROSSED COUNTERS, or MONEY ORDER. "Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to "The Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bow Street, E.C. Postage has been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded SUFFICIENT STAMPS TO COVER POSTAGE MUST BE SENT WITH THE ADVERTISEMENT.

FINANCIAL.
CAN We Assist You?—Loans granted from £20 to £5,000, for long or short periods, without securities or sureties; moderate charge, no delay. "The Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bow Street, E.C. Postage paid. Tel. 9713 Central, Chas. Stevens (Ltd.), 12, Devonshire-chambers, 146, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

CASH LOANS £2 to £1,000, privately to citizens and London men generally in permanent positions on promissory notes: no fees charged or securities required. Tel. 1851-2, 1860-1, 1861-2, 1862-3, 1863-4, 1864-5, 1865-6, 1866-7, 1867-8, 1868-9, 1869-10, 1870-11, 1871-12, 1872-13, 1873-14, 1874-15, 1875-16, 1876-17, 1877-18, 1878-19, 1879-20, 1880-21, 1881-22, 1882-23, 1883-24, 1884-25, 1885-26, 1886-27, 1887-28, 1888-29, 1889-30, 1890-31, 1891-32, 1892-33, 1893-34, 1894-35, 1895-36, 1896-37, 1897-38, 1898-39, 1899-40, 1900-41, 1901-42, 1902-43, 1903-44, 1904-45, 1905-46, 1906-47, 1907-48, 1908-49, 1909-50, 1910-51, 1911-52, 1912-53, 1913-54, 1914-55, 1915-56, 1916-57, 1917-58, 1918-59, 1919-60, 1920-61, 1921-62, 1922-63, 1923-64, 1924-65, 1925-66, 1926-67, 1927-68, 1928-69, 1929-70, 1930-71, 1931-72, 1932-73, 1933-74, 1934-75, 1935-76, 1936-77, 1937-78, 1938-79, 1939-80, 1940-81, 1941-82, 1942-83, 1943-84, 1944-85, 1945-86, 1946-87, 1947-88, 1948-89, 1949-90, 1950-91, 1951-92, 1952-93, 1953-94, 1954-95, 1955-96, 1956-97, 1957-98, 1958-99, 1959-100, 1960-101, 1961-102, 1962-103, 1963-104, 1964-105, 1965-106, 1966-107, 1967-108, 1968-109, 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There Is a Surprising Announcement for You To-day on Page 6

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SIMPLE LIFER.
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Arthur Follows.



Richard Follows.

Eleaser Kaminetzky, who has journeyed from Palestine to teach the New Yorkers the joys of the simple life. He wears the lightest clothes even in winter time.

Two brothers who were killed in action side by side. They belonged to Ansley, near Atherstone, and were in the 1st Coldstream Guards. In a recent letter home Arthur said, "Cheer up, mother, and keep the flag flying."

NO COAL FOR ITALIAN STOVE.
g 119083

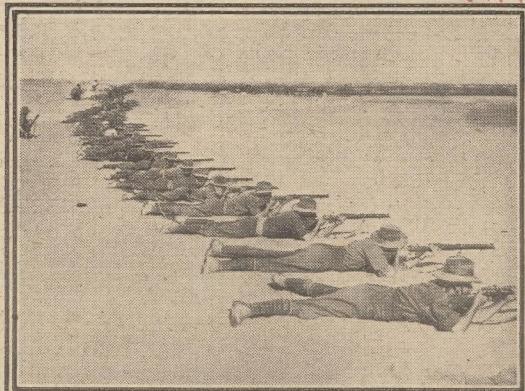


GUN BROKEN TO PIECES BY A SHELL. *g. 422*



The result of a well-placed Austrian shell on a Russian gun. The picture was taken at the time when our Allies were retreating in Bukowina. The success of the enemy was, however, only temporary, and the Russians are once more back at the gates of Czernowitz.

MANOEUVRES IN THE DESERT. *g 11914*



There is a large force of British troops in Egypt, many of them being Australians. The picture was taken during manoeuvres on the desert sands.